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A Testimonial That "O. K." Would Like.

It was an unusual tribute that Memphis paid to O. K. Houck, her first citizen, Tuesday. Five ministers took part in the services conducted at the residence of the Rotary club meeting, the Scottish Rite cathedral and the grave. Business was practically at a standstill, and at each service throngs testified to their devotion by their presence. But the best part of it all was that the tributes were deserved, and now that all that is mortal of O. K. Houck rests on a little knoll in Forest Hill cemetery, things will move along in their accustomed way, with the memory of his life resting as a benediction upon his people and lightening the burdens of thousands who had the privilege of coming into contact with him.

It ought not to be forgotten that in his last moments his thoughts turned to the little warped and broken bits of humanity in the hospital for crippled children.

It would not be his wish that the people he loved should build a monument to his good deeds, but if he could transmit a message to the people of Memphis today it would be that it is his wish that they testify to his love for them by helping to heal and make whole the crippled children in the hospital school.

It goes without saying, of course, that Memphis will provide a suitable testimonial for her regard for this remarkable citizen, who held as with hooks of steel the affection of all the people and the esteem of none. And O. K. Houck practiced a practical Christianity, as he proved his words by his deeds and his sympathy with his liberality to every good and worthy cause, so would he wish that any tribute to him might serve a useful and meritorious purpose.

The people of Memphis should not neglect to begin at once to co-operate with the splendid women in charge of the Cripple Children's Hospital school, and in the name of O. K. Houck make it the greatest institution of its kind in the land.

An institution engaged in the splendid work it is doing is worthy of support under all circumstances, but the occasion presents itself to add a worthy cause and at the same time honor the memory of the man to whom it was the apple of his eye.

Patriotic.

Representative Fisher might have changed his vote if he had read the following letter from a former soldier to a candidate for governor of Iowa.

"I have your statement regarding a bonus for soldiers and sailors. I believe it is the statement of the most vicious policy in this regard that I have ever seen.

"In my opinion, the government can not do too much for disabled soldiers or for the dependents of those who lost their lives; but a bonus, in my opinion, is nothing more nor less than a cheap vote-getter's bribe. It is an attempt to corrupt an element of the population that should stand for the highest ideals of Americanism. To say that Iowa soldiers are in need of financial aid due to participation in the war is nonsense, and the man who proposes such a proposition lacks either the honesty or intelligence we have a right to expect in a governor of Iowa.

"Your proposition to give a bonus not only to the boys of this war but to those of the Spanish-American and civil wars is enlarging the scope of the bribery to a limit that could hardly be expected.

"Not all the patriotic service in time of war is done by the soldiers by a far cry, but if they have done the greatest service to their country, but recent astronomical expenditures have fixed the actual depth of air at mid miles.

"This is a capital bill," T. R. A. This is a capital bill, and it is the devil on a bull. Since 1875 have been written in Roman letters on parchment, and since 1915 have been written in the civil calendar. Prior to this they were written on rough parchment and dated in the incarnation.

"The bill was written on a rough parchment and dated in the incarnation. The bill was written on a rough parchment and dated in the incarnation.

"The letter was written in the spirit of righteous indignation worthy of the finest ideals of patriotism.

Going Forward.

Mayor Paine and Commissioner Johnson appear to have overcome the principal obstacles in the way of establishing a municipal curb market.

It was not an easy task. First they had the organized opposition of the middlemen, who naturally craved exclusive right to sell to the consumer.

Then they had the opposition of the growers themselves, who did not relish the idea of taking several hours of their time out of the day selling to the consumers; and finally the hucksters, who found that in abandoning their business they were doing so at a financial loss to themselves, notwithstanding the convenience to the households they were accustomed to serve.

The municipal markets give promise of being of real advantage to the people of Memphis, but they will never reach their full possibilities until the proposed auditorium and market house is erected and in operation.

The committee headed by Mr. Ellis and some other gentlemen has worked for a number of years on the project. In fact they have put enough intelligent and well-directed energy into the plan to have had their hopes fully realized by this time if they had been accorded the full and complete co-operation that they expected and were entitled to receive.

But each day brings the fulfillment of their ambition nearer realization, and the people can assist even yet by

encouragement and support. It ought not to be delayed a single day longer than is absolutely necessary.

A Difference.

On the day after Eugene V. Debs, in the federal prison in Atlanta, accepted the nomination for president on the Socialist ticket and shocked the country with a declaration of his Bolshevik tendencies, and set at naught the work that had been done to secure executive clemency for him, Lloyd George received a delegation of Bolsheviks, representing the Soviet government, and announcement followed that offices were to be opened in London for the encouragement of trade relations between Russia and Great Britain.

The difference between Debs and Gregory Krasin, the Bolshevik minister, is that Debs was a citizen of the United States, and gave aid and comfort to the enemy, while Krasin served his own country. If ever the congress and the president can agree on a peace measure our relations will be resumed with the Germans, and it will not be held against them that they were loyal to Germany, but there is no occasion, because this is true, to look with compassion upon the treason of a citizen of this country because we are willing to tolerate the opinion of the enemy.

Quite Naturally.

The action of the supreme court of the United States in declaring invalid the law providing that the judges themselves should pay income tax on their salaries will not be a surprise. The supreme court did what any individual would do if left for him to decide if he should pay the tax. There was, of course, a constitutional reason for declaring the provision invalid, or the court would not have ruled as it did, but only a shrewd lawyer could give an adequate reason for excluding a government official.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—When was the first national road built that was free from tolls?—D. H. A.—In 1860, the demand for better means of communication with the West caused congress to pass an act providing for the construction of a national road from the head waters of the Potomac to the Ohio river, free from tolls. The first section, from Cumberland, Md., to Wheeling, W. Va., was opened for traffic in August, 1818.

Q.—Where is the Rainbow bridge?—V. A.—This bridge is located within the Navajo Indian reservation, in San Juan county, Utah. The bridge is 300 feet above the water, and its span is 275 feet. The bridge is unique among the natural bridges of the world in that it is not only a symmetrical arch, but also presents a curved surface above, thus having the appearance of a rainbow.

Q.—What body of water in it whose name is but a single letter?—W. W. R. A.—The letter J, pronounced eye, is and arm of the Zuyder Zee, immediately north of Amsterdam, Holland.

Q.—Please give the history of the phrase, "Grand Old Party."—F. H. A.—The term "Grand Old Party" was applied to Mr. Gladstone in 1882, and is accredited to John Bright, who used it in a speech made in that year. In Northampton, England, in America the phrase was appropriated and changed by members of the Republican party, who affectionately called it the "Grand Old Party." This at once became a recognized slogan, and in the headlining of the party was shortened into "G. O. P."

Q.—What vice-presidents died in office?—P. A.—The men who died while holding the office were George Clinton, John C. Calhoun, William A. King, Henry Wilson, T. A. Hendricks, Garret A. Hobart and James Sherman.

Q.—What has been the highest price paid for a pig?—L. I. A.—The highest price was reached in August, 1915, when hogs brought \$19.39 per 100 pounds.

Q.—How much coal is consumed every day in the United States?—L. I. A.—It is estimated that our daily consumption of coal amounts to 1,200,000 tons. This would fill about 30,000 coal cars and would reach 250 miles on a single railroad track.

Q.—Is the cathedral of St. John the Evangelist, in New York, a Catholic or Episcopal church?—R. G. A.—This is an Episcopal cathedral, which was planned and started through the efforts of Bishop Henry Codrington Potter.

Q.—Can you tell me what city has the celebrated "tree that owns itself"?—A.—The original "tree that owns itself" is located in Athens, Ga. The owners, which this tree stands for, decided to let the tree be cut by W. H. Jackson, of that city.

Q.—The United States recognized the Armenian republic—O. K. A.—The United States recognized this government on April 23, 1920. Secretary of State Colby wrote to the Armenian representative in Washington, Mr. A. M. Hovhannissian, and through him to the government, that the United States recognized the Armenian republic.

Q.—How deep is the earth's atmosphere?—M. A.—The atmosphere soon becomes too rare to sustain human life, but recent astronomical experiments have fixed the actual depth of air at mid miles.

Q.—This is a capital bill," T. R. A.—This is a capital bill, and it is the devil on a bull. Since 1875 have been written in Roman letters on parchment, and since 1915 have been written in the civil calendar. Prior to this they were written on rough parchment and dated in the incarnation.

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Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'—By Briggs

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WHEN YOU'RE LEFT AT HOME ALL ALONE WITH YOUR DAD WHILE MOTHER IS AT CHURCH AND YOU FIND A POKER CHIP ON THE FLOOR



—AND YOU PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH TO SEE WHAT IT TASTES LIKE YOU KNOW



—AND THE THING SLIPS IN YOUR MOUTH BEFORE YOU KNOW IT AND YOUR DAD COMES RUNNING



AND HE GETS ALL EXCITED AND DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO —AND I CAN'T GET THE OLD THING OUT OF MY MOUTH



—AND DAD IS ALL SCARED (AND SO'M I), AND HE YELLS FOR HELP



AND THEN MOTHER COMES HOME AND JABS HER FINGER IN MY MOUTH AND GETS THE CHIP! OH-H-H- BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-R-AND A GLOR-R-R-IOUS FEELIN'?



YE TOWNE GOSSIP (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.) BY K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—You admit a fondness for and very frequently write about cats. I wonder if you realize what a great menace cats are to the song birds that we look forward to each spring. And you profess to be also a lover of birds?

MY DEAR AGNES, IT'S ALL RIGHT AND I'M glad you wrote me. BUT AFTER ALL, DON'T YOU really believe, IF YOU have any quarrel, THAT IT'S with the Creator? AND DO you really think, THAT YOU and I, HAVE ANY cause, TO MAKE complaint, AGAINST A cat.

THAT CATCHES A bird, WHEN MEN go out, AND KILL for us, WHATEVER IT IS, OUR APPETITES, SAY THEY shall kill, AND WOMEN folk, WEAR COSTLY furs, AND FEATHERED hats, AND CALFEKIN shoes, AND WEAR the skin, OF BABY goats, UPON THEIR hands, AND ALL these things, MUST SUFFER death, TO FILL our wants, WHICH may be just, AND ANYWAY, I HAVE a quarrel, WITH ANYTHING, THAT SWIMS, OR FLIES, OR CRAWLS, OR WALKS, UNLESS IT IS, THEY CRAWL, on me, OR WALK, on me, OR SEEM, my life, AND THEN I'll fight, AND I'll eat meat, AND I'll eat fish, AND I'll eat, AND NOT complain, IF LOWER animals than I, KILL FOR their food, BUT I'll confess, HAD I been there, I WOULDN'T have killed THE FIRST two cats.

NOT TO molest, THE SINGING birds, BUT AFTER ALL, AGNES, SUPPOSING THE singing birds, SHOULD STOP singing, AND WERE good to eat, WOULDN'T YOU eat 'em, IF SOMEBODY'D kill 'em?

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UNCLE WIGGLY'S BEDTIME STORY

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice bunny rabbit, was hopping along through the woods one day, coming back from the store, when he heard a voice calling to him from among the trees.

"Huh! I had better be careful," thought the rabbit. "This may be the Skeezleek."

Uncle Wiggly slipped behind a bush, and while some candy oranges were growing, and peeked out through a knot hole. He saw Jimmie Witherspoon, the boy duck, waddling along. Under one wing Jimmie held a paper bag, and he was eating something from it.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly!" quaked Jimmie. "I am," answered the bunny uncle, as he came out from behind the brick wall, closing the door carefully after him. "Did you want me, Jimmie?"

"Do you want a jumble?" quaked the duck boy, holding out the paper bag.

"A jumble?" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. "What's a jumble?" asked Jimmie. "I guess it's called that because the baker jumbles everything all up together to make it. Try on a jumble," said Uncle Wiggly, handing Jimmie a nice little yellow cake with a hole in the middle.

"That's a jumble," the duck boy explained. "I like 'em, and if you like 'em, I'll give you one." "Where did you get them?" asked Uncle Wiggly, taking a nibble of the cake.

"Oh, my mother sent me to the store for 'em," said Jimmie. "But she always lets me have a few on the way home, and I know she'd like me to give you some. Do you like 'em?" Will you try one, Uncle Wiggly?"

"They are very tasty," answered Uncle Wiggly. "I believe I will take one." "What for?" the bunny uncle wanted to know.

"If I can't eat a jumble over it and make it stay on," Jimmie explained. "The jumble has a hole in the middle, and if you hold your crutch just right, you can see one on it."

"Why, that will be just like a game of ring toss," said Uncle Wiggly, who was as much a boy and as fond of fun as Jimmie the duck. So Mr. Longears held up his rheumatism crutch and Jimmie took another cake jumble with a hole in the middle from the bag. "I mean the jumble had a hole in it, not the bag," cautious sakes alive and some swap bubble buns! I should hope not if the bag had a hole in it, the jumble would all fall out."

"Ready," cried Jimmie, as Uncle Wiggly held up his crutch.

"All ready," answered the bunny. Jimmie tossed the jumble through the air like a bean bag or ring. It was around and round over the duck's head, and then it landed on the crutch, which Uncle Wiggly held up.

"Fine," cried the bunny. "You are a good shot, Jimmie." Then Mr. Longears took the jumble off his crutch and Jimmie took another cake jumble with a hole in the middle from the bag. "I mean the jumble had a hole in it, not the bag," cautious sakes alive and some swap bubble buns! I should hope not if the bag had a hole in it, the jumble would all fall out."

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